

JUNIOR RED CROSS

December 1921 NEWS *"I Serve"*



THE HOLIDAY

By Ethel Blair Jordan

Oh, Christmas is a jolly day.
An evergreen-and-holly day.
A gay day.
A play day.
A day of mirth and cheer!

A loving heart-and-hand time.
"Forgive-and-understand" time.
A bright time.
A right time.
To help us through the year!





The Traveling Christmas Tree



"Why shouldn't the Christmas tree jump (so to speak) into an auto and visit these children?"



FIVE villages and only one Christmas tree! Here was a problem to make the Junior Red Cross workers in the devastated province of the Somme long for Santa Claus' reindeer. It is true, thought the Junior workers, that the community center or foyer (fireside) at Epehy also helps the villages of Ronssoy, Handicourt, Fins, and Sorel, but it is easy enough for a Junior worker to jump into an auto and—just here the inspiration came! Why shouldn't the Christmas tree jump (so to speak) into an auto and visit these children, who are living now in dreary iron barracks instead of comfortable homes?

Holly and presents and tree-decorations were ordered from Paris. There was a great bustle of preparation and on December 26

By Electa McKey

New Year! New Year!
Today the mistletoe brings dreams
Of purer and more tangible happiness.
A future epoch blooms;
May it bring glory
To those whom love magnifies!
To you whose kindness is famous
Our little voices express
The thanks of the whole community.
And with our united hearts we cry:
"Long live America! Long live France
our mother!
Happy New Year!"

the Christmas tree bloomed brilliantly for the delighted children of Epehy. Next day came the Ronssoy children in big army trucks. And on the day after away went the Christmas tree, holly, decorations, and workers to Handicourt. The tree bloomed again, the happy children gathered its toys and candy, then presto! off again dashed the traveling tree on its way to Fins where it brought Christmas joy first to the children of Fins and then to those of Sorel who came over to Fins for their fête.

Back to Epehy went the gay little tree until another Christmas starts its glories traveling again.

The Junior workers explained that the Christmas gifts were sent by American children to their young friends in France, whose joy and gratitude found expression in the accompanying poem.

"Going With Bethlehem"

By Emily S. Harrison

ON CHRISTMAS EVE the place that occupies the center of the world's thought is not New York or London or Paris or Constantinople or Cairo, but Bethlehem.

Everywhere the thoughts of men and children are turning towards Bethlehem; but nowhere, perhaps, is what happened there over nineteen hundred years ago so present in the minds and hearts of people as in Czecho-Slovakia, where it is kept alive by the very ancient Christmas custom called, "Going with Bethlehem."

The Christmas tree in Czecho-Slovakia is an innovation, though doubtless it has come to stay, for children, everywhere, love the lighted tree; yet Czech children gather about it with less of eagerness and joy than they show when somebody shouts, "Bethlehem is coming!" and they rush to throw wide the door.

Outside stands a man, or maybe two or three men, and one of the men has a box on his back. This box is all that the children see. They tug at the men unceremoniously and push and pull them indoors, then crowd closely atiptoe with excitement, while the leader slips the box from his back and stands with it suspended by a strap across his shoulders. The children get just as near as they can. He tells them they must move farther away. They form a semicircle, eager, expectant. In breathless attention they watch every movement the man makes. Then, at last, he opens the box and they see—"the Bethlehem!"

In the center is a manger with a figure of the infant Jesus and grouped about it are other figures, representing Mary and Joseph,

the shepherds, the Wise Men, and the Three Kings. Then there are the village folk and the cattle and above all is a representation of a city with castle towers and battlemented walls. For an amazed moment the children are speechless with delight. Then they exclaim and begin to ask questions; but long before they

have had their fill of the wondrous vision the man covers it up again and holds out his hand for the Christmas bounty. He and his companions are given of the best that is in the house to eat, and, perhaps, a little money besides. Afterwards, they sing a carol, then "going with Bethlehem," they take their way to the next house.

This custom is widespread throughout all the country and is of very ancient origin. It is celebrated with variations. In Slovakia, "Going with Bethlehem" is almost a monopoly of the tinkers, a poor class of men who wander from farm to

farm and from village to village and pick up a scant living by mending household utensils.

In some places "the Bethlehem" has lost its itinerant character. Every house will have a "Bethlehem," and, however great or humble the house may be, "the Bethlehem" occupies the place of honor from Christmas to Epiphany.

There "Bethlehems" vary from the simple "Bethlehem" of a few wooden figures, rudely carved, to elaborate plaster reproductions with many figures and imposing settings.

Thus it is that art and religion, ancient usage and the exceeding joy of the children unite to make "Going with Bethlehem" the most loved, as it is the most picturesque, feature of the Christmas celebration in Czecho-Slovakia.

**"O little town of Bethlehem!
How still we see thee lie:
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by:
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light:
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night."**



Line engraving from a painting by Alfons Mucha

A tinker with "The Bethlehem" appears in a Slovakian home

Making Dreams Come True

By Roger W. Babson



WHAT the world needs just now is to realize its dreams. Dreaming is all right. A good dream, well thought out, is the starting point of many good things. But a dream that never gets to be anything but a dream does not help the world much. It is the dreams that get put into practice that do the world good.

The Old Testament tells us that it is the special work of old people to dream dreams. "Your old men shall dream dreams" is what it says. That is all right; but I like to think that every young person brings a fresh store of wealth to the world in the shape of their fresh dreams.

Do you realize that some of the most brilliant careers we know anything about are the life work of men who in mature life have done what they dreamed of when young? Some of these men have struggled along through ill health, poverty, and some—like Francis Parkman—even in the face of blindness, until they have at last been able to have the satisfaction of knowing that they had done what they set out to do.

So, I would say two things to the young people who read this magazine: First of all, that the *most precious thing about them is their dreams*. It is no small thing to have a vision of some good thing to be done. When God speaks to men it is to whisper: "This and this good thing should be done." When a boy thinks what he would do if he were a man; when a girl looks wonderingly into the days to come and plans for the home that she expects to have and decides how it shall be different and better than any thing she has ever seen, these boys and girls are in reality dreaming the dreams of God.

No teacher is fit for his task who thinks lightly of these boyish and girlish dreams. The best service a teacher can render her pupils is to make them reverence their own hopes and ideals. So I say to you boys and girls: Do not let anybody make light of these dreams. Do not make light of them yourself. They are your Father's commission and it is to perform this commission that you are sent into the world. The saddest thing I know is a young man who has lost

his faith in his visions and who thinks that the world is no place for the dreamer. Hang onto your dreams!

The second thing I wish to say is this: *Put your dreams into effect*. Your program, your life work, may well consist in bringing to pass the best of the things that your youth imagines. That is the way the world gets ahead. No one can overlook a man who goes through life illustrating his own faith.

I believe that this is a very important item for us to think about right now. The world is full of people who wish to reform the world. When you get at what they are talking about, you find that they want society to do this or that, or they want Congress or the President to do this or that. In short, they want to reform the world by having someone else do something.

We never get very far that way. If these people themselves would do the thing that they talk about other people's doing, there would be at least one example of the thing for the world to look at and learn from.

I believe that enough is known about what ought to be done in this world to make the world a very much better place to live in, if people would only do what they know. Instead of that we spend our lives talking about someone else doing the things that should be done. One man, one woman, who illustrates by his or her life the actual application of good thoughts, dreams, ideals, is worth a thousand people who simply dream dreams and talk about them and do no more.

Why not set out to incarnate, that is to build up into our own lives, the things that we dream about? If we do, 1922 will be a year of accomplishment. If we do, we will make 1922 a different year from 1921, because we shall be so busy doing things ourselves, realizing our own best dreams as substance, that we shall have little time left for criticising the shortcomings of other people. But we should not stop with 1922. Life—all of life—should be looked upon as an opportunity for incarnating the things that you are dreaming about now. If you can learn to look at life that way, this Christmas message will be worth everything.





A bear and a smile in Belgium



American happiness in a pigskin, France



Clothes and joy for Budapest girl



Sarah: Juniors found her in Poland



Italian boy discusses a funny gift



Toy giraffe eats Italian porridge

Roumanian boy in hospital aided by Juniors, is made happy by an American scrapbook filled with pictures



Hungarian baby, clothed, fed, and loved by Red Cross

La Befana, Italy's Christmas Fairy

By Hollingsworth Beach

SANTA CLAUS is a fairy in Italy and she is called "La Befana." January 6 is Epiphany or "Twelfth Night" and on Epiphany Eve, January 5, La Befana is expected to come down the chimney and put toys in the stockings of good children. At Christmas all children are good!

In 1921 the American Junior Red Cross played the part of La Befana to children in eighteen schools scattered throughout Italy from Trent to Messina.

Thirty-six cases of toys came from American Juniors all over the United States. There were automobiles, sand-cars, jumping-jacks and animals of every description, including fascinating ostriches with real feathers

pasted on their wings and tails. Many of these toys must have taken a long time to make, but I am sure that the boys and girls who sent them would have felt more than repaid for long hours of patient work if they could have seen the happiness of the Italian children.

Eight-year-old Antonio, of Sezze, couldn't believe his good fortune when an automobile made by a boy in Houston, Texas, was put into his arms. "E da vero per me?" (Is it really for me?) he asked doubtfully. At the answer, "Ma si, e per te!" (but yes, it is for you) he smiled blissfully as he murmured, "E come e bello rosso!" (And what a beautiful red it is!)

The children of the hospital school on the beach at Messina have spent many happy hours playing with their sand cars from Fitchburg, Massachusetts. Dolls from Malvern, Pennsylvania, were hailed with joy by little girls at the Valdoltra Hospital School. There were beautifully made toys from manual training schools in California and from many others.

If one had wings like La Befana it would have been possible to fly to all of the eighteen schools and tell how the Italian Christmas was celebrated in each one of them, but you shall hear about the celebration in Udine.

At 11 o'clock in the morning all of the smaller brothers and sisters, who go to the Asilo (asylum) Marco Volpe, were brought by some older member of their family to the school room, which was decorated with branches of pine trees and the flags of Italy and America. The first number on the program was a song to the American Juniors and then came recitations and dances. Finally,

four-year-old Bianca made a speech thanking her little American friends for the beautiful toys. She finished it by sending them all a kiss. This was the signal for the children to rush out into the garden, where automobiles, carts, animals, jumping-jacks and dolls were spread out on tables beside the fountain waiting for their new owners. A few days before Befana, the

children had written on slips of paper what toy they preferred, so they were all satisfied.

The girls and boys at the Asilo Marco Volpe belong to the poorest families

in Udine and it was the happiest day in their lives for many of them who had never before owned a toy. During the war they were refugees, but sorrows of the past were forgotten when Annunziata



Are they villainous? Not at all. Boy actors at Collestrada Farm School for orphans, in North Central Italy, entertain their fellow students in true Junior spirit

clasped her beloved doll in her arms or Giovanni tried out his new automobile.

The celebration for the older children of the Scuola e Famiglia (School and Family) was at 3 o'clock that afternoon. They had a Christmas tree, Italian and American flags, and hundreds of bright colored paper bells hanging from the ceiling. The children, who had been well drilled by one of the teachers, sang the Star-Spangled Banner in English and many beautiful Italian songs. They danced, too, most gracefully around the Christmas tree.

At last the moment for which they had long been waiting arrived and American toys which were hanging on the tree or piled up around it were distributed by the teachers and Boy Scouts who had been helping to escort the guests to their seats. After the presents had been well examined and exclaimed over, Concetta, twelve years old, stood under the tree and made a speech in which she sent much love and many thanks to American Juniors from their loyal friends, the boys and girls of the Scuola e Famiglia. The children of this school sent many interesting paintings, drawings, and post-cards last year to their friends in America and Concetta promised that she and her schoolmates would draw more beautiful things and write oftener to show how much they loved their toys.

And through this noble work of the Juniors La Befana was called "La Befana Americana" (The American Fairy) by hundreds of Italian children in the year 1921.



Under the sloping brown rafters stood an old sea-chest full of things from strange lands

I WISH we had something to give Jo and Tann for Christmas, said Katje, a pucker between her brows. Tinka stroked the cat and was silent. The two were curled in a warm corner of the windmill, just where a shaft of sunlight shot through the high window onto a pile of grain sacks.

Their father owned the mill which stood on the highest point of the dyke where it caught the most wind. The girls had brought him a pail of hot coffee and stayed to discuss Christmas presents in the dusty, shadowy place so sheltered from the wind which was whirling the sails overhead making them creak like the rigging of a ship in storm. It was two days before Christmas and there was a gale along the coast. But on the island of Walchern where the children lived, the dykes are the highest in Holland and the sea could not get at the snug little villages behind them. Katje was rounding the toe of a stocking: "I heard them discussing whether they would put out their wooden shoes as they did when their mother was alive—Jo doesn't want to."

Tinka sighed, "If we had

How Santa Came

By Anna Milo Upjohn

just a little more time we could make something,' she said.

Tann and Jo lived on a house-boat. To home-staying children this seemed a most adventurous life. In summertime Tann and Jo threaded the waterways of Zeeland going to Dordrecht and Rotterdam and to many an inland city, passing over that mysterious "drowned land" where 500 years ago market towns and villages had been engulfed in a vast flood and had never reappeared. In the winter they lay to in some town and the children went to school. That was how Tinka and Katje had come to know them. The name of the house-boat was the *Adriana Dordrecht*. It had great tawny sails and a tiny cabin, bright with chintz and copper pans. Tann kept it as spotless as when her mother was with them. She and Jo were proud of their home and fond of their father, too, but he was a silent, forgetful man, and as Christmas drew near they felt more lonely than ever.

In Holland, instead of hanging up stockings on Christmas Eve, children set their wooden shoes on the doorstep hoping that Santa Claus may fill them. It was the thought of two pairs of empty shoes that troubled Katje and Tinka in the mill.

"We might look in the treasure chest in the attic," said Tinka at last.

"That's a good idea," exclaimed Katje, scrambling to her feet. "Let's go home and do it now."

Under the sloping brown rafters stood an old sea-chest full of things from strange lands brought home by the children's grandfather and great-grandfather who had been sea captains. There were old silks and embroideries and strange carved ivories from Java and other Dutch colonies, Chinese and Indian shawls, porcelain idols, sweet-smelling boxes, pointed slippers and a wonderful necklace of jade and ivory set in silver. All these things the girls had seen many times but there was always a thrill of romance in taking them out of the chest. They chose a Japanese fan, a teacup, a box of sandalwood, and the jade necklace.

"We must ask mother, of course," they said. "There's nothing here for Jo but the box."

Their mother was making gingerbread. The big kitchen mirror reflected her trim black figure and white cap, the blue woodwork and blue and pewter



Jo of the house-boat

to a Dutch Boat

Illustrated by the Author

plates on the wall, and the red-checkered tablecloth.

"Mother, may we give these things to Jo and Tann for Christmas?" clamored the girls. Their mother shut the oven door and came to the table. She smiled but her eyebrows went up. "Tann could never use these things," she said, putting aside the necklace and the fan, "but I should like to give the teacup and the box to Jo. What will you give?"

The girls looked blank. "But, mother," they cried, "why can't we give them?"

"Why should you give *my* things" asked their mother, laughing.

"We have no treasure chest," said Tinka.

"But you have things which Tann and Jo will like better than these."

The girls sat down on the blue-painted chairs to think it over and the mirror reflected two sober faces.

"Jo likes to read," said Tinka at last. "I might give him one of my books."

"And mother," said Katje, "if you don't mind I'll finish these stockings for Tann. The *work* on them is mine."

"And we might fill the cup with candied ginger and the box with nut meats," said mother.

"Oh, it's going to be perfectly lovely, after all!" cried the girls.

The next day they spent helping their mother clean the house. They could not roll up their sleeves because their arms were bare to the elbows. They were dressed like all the other girls on the island and quaintly like their mother, too, in tight black bodices and full skirts covered with voluminous blue aprons. They wore necklaces of six strands, Tinka's of coral and Katje's of jet, each fastened with a clasp of beaten gold, and their crisp caps were fastened with golden coils above their temples. These were their everyday clothes and those for holidays were like them except that they had gold pins in their caps, gold ornaments hanging from their coils, and bright kerchiefs. Now on Christmas Eve, with soap and hot water, brushes and dusters, they went from room to room, until Tinka finished by emptying her pail of suds on the door-step and scrubbing with a long handled brush, while Katje wiped off the green and white wooden shutters and polished the brass knocker. There were waffles for supper, and afterwards the girls, with shawls over their



The next day Tinka and Katje helped their mother clean house

heads, set out for the *Adriana*, which lay in the sheltered basin close to the shore. A scurrying wind cleared the moon of clouds. At the end of the street they could see a mass of rigging, for many boats lay in harbor.

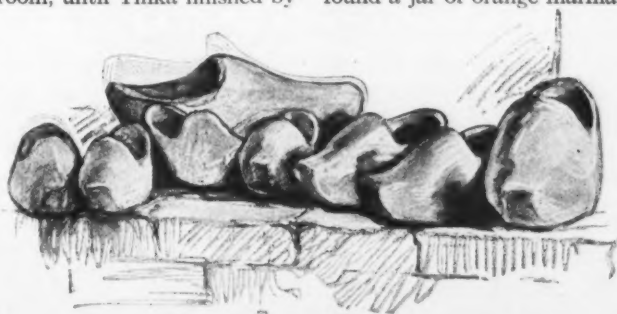
Their wooden shoes clattered cheerfully on the brick pavement, but when they came to the quay they slipped out of them and climbed noiselessly onto the deck of the *Adriana*.

Groping in the evening shadows they found two pairs of wooden shoes. Had they been left there when Tann and Jo went down to supper or had they been purposely placed for Santa Claus? Carefully the girls tucked their gifts in and about the shoes and then stole away and flew home in the moonlight, their skirts flapping about them.

In the dusk the clipped garden shrubs took on strange and uncanny shapes, but a great church loomed up protectingly in the midst of the village, seeming to hover above the tiny cottages and draw them together, while from its tower shone a light for ships at sea.

The next morning, on the door-step, Tinka and Katje found a jar of orange marmalade made by Tann and a beautiful model of the *Adriana*, rigged and painted green and black with white trimmings like the original.

"Just think," said Katje, with tears in her eyes, and an expression of subdued gladness in her face, "in their loneliness they did not forget us—."



Wooden shoes on the door-step for Santa Claus to fill



Courtesy of Frank Hubbell

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*Kindness, a language which the dumb
can speak, and the deaf can understand.*

—John T. Dale

Holly and Mistletoe mean something in the language of flowers. Holly stands for "foresight"—a big word that belongs in every Junior's vocabulary; and mistletoe, according to the poets, signifies "I have surmounted all difficulties." As such symbols, these gifts of the woods have an added value in the Christmas decorations.

In Sweden a pretty Christmas custom among the peasants is always to raise aloft a Christmas dinner for the birds before sitting down to your own. Just a small thing, but after all, a very big thing! It is an unselfed love that makes people happy.

There are Others who appreciate being remembered while life appears to be a struggle. One way in which Junior Auxiliaries can "raise aloft" remembrances more lasting than a Christmas dinner is to aid with renewed enthusiasm the National Children's Fund of the Junior Red Cross. The January number of JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS will be devoted largely to the foreign program of education and relief which the school children of America are financing for thousands of girls and boys in other countries. Watch for it, but don't wait for it to assist, through some cooperative "stunt," in making life brighter for destitute children abroad. The February number will be an "all-American" number. Don't wait for it, either, to help some neighborhood

or community activity which is in line with the Junior idea of unselfishness and good citizenship.

A Schoolboy's Chivalry that compares with Sir Walter Raleigh's sacrifice of a fine cloak which he spread over a puddle in the path of Queen Elizabeth, is described by the *Philadelphia Inquirer*. There was to be a Christmas entertainment in an Edinburgh school, and a large number of poor children had assembled at the doors to wait until they were opened. Among them was a sweet-faced girl, thinly clad and barefoot, who trembled with cold.

While she was dancing from one foot to the other a schoolboy, not much older, came along. Snatching off his soft woolen cap, he put it down before her. "Stand on that, little girl," he said, and passed on.

American Education Week will be observed throughout the country during the week of December 4 to 10, under the auspices of the American Legion and the National Education Association, for the purpose of "securing for America a program of education adequate to meet the needs of the twentieth century and which will give every boy and every girl that equipment in education and training which is his right under our democratic government and which will make of all, whether native or foreign born, good American citizens."

In connection with this campaign of education in the interest of education, it is interesting to note the following from a report of the Committee on Foreign Relations of the National Education Association:

"The Red Cross and the International Y. M. C. A. are great organizations which have brought the nations together under one banner of humanism and spiritual good will. . . . The era of world-fellowship into which the association of nations is to lead us, demands a new kind of education. If we are to work together we must understand each other, not merely in language but in institutions and national traits of character. . . . What we should know is that there is a place in the world for many races and many nationalities and that we should teach them to respect each other. In developing an international mind we should not forget that it is our duty even yet to be nationally minded. The fact that we teach the broader sympathy and universal good will does not mean that we are to throw down the boundaries and unities of national life."

One provision in the American Education Week program is that "The English language should be the only basic language of instruction in all public, private, and parochial elementary and high schools."

Cheer-Laden Boxes Bring Greetings

IN MANY schoolrooms over the United States there has been much activity by Juniors in the filling of Christmas boxes for unknown little friends in foreign lands.

At first 100,000 empty boxes were ordered for this purpose—imagine what a pile 100,000 boxes would make! It was thought that these would be more than enough. But they had hardly reached the schools before the mail was flooded with letters clamoring for more boxes to fill, and more, and more! From all over the country the demand came. Thousands more were ordered. New York and Boston, having used their quota of boxes, began filling Christmas stockings. Juniors knitted mittens and washcloths, dressed dolls, strung beads, and made jig-saw puzzles. The delightful work of

packing the Christmas boxes and stockings followed—boxes and stockings stuffed with home-made candy, balls, tops, dolls, ribbons, toothbrushes and paste, mouth organs, flags, pencils, paper, marbles, handkerchiefs, dominoes, combs, and all sorts of useful and entertaining things.

Juniors in America are having a frolicking time playing Santa Claus, and their friends in Albania, Montenegro, Roumania, and especially thousands of children in the poverty-stricken cities of Vienna and Budapest, are going to have a rollicking time opening the boxes and emptying the stockings. And besides, there will be Junior Christmas celebrations in France, Italy, Ruthenia—in short, in many a cheerless wayside spot will Junior thoughtfulness radiate happiness. And the overseas children always love the gifts and the givers too.



Useful articles, toys, and sweets have been packed by Juniors in tens of thousands of boxes and stockings for needy children abroad and at home

A Few Letters of Acknowledgment and Gratitude

St. Denis D'Oléron, France.

My Dear Little Friends (boys):

We were very happy to receive your nice toys. We children who came to this cheering island in order to strengthen ourselves received good holiday greetings from generous America. On behalf of all my little comrades, I send you our sincere thanks.

My Dear Little Friends (girls):

On behalf of all my little companions, I thank you for the nice dolls which you made for us, we were delighted with them. All the little girls who are spending their holidays at Oléron send their love to you.

Valdoltra, Italy.

Dear Little Fortunate Girl:

Have many kisses from a girl less fortunate than you, but who is always happy because you, little friend, send her your help. Thanks for what you do for us.

Munkacevo, Ruthenia.

Dear Sisters:

We call you sisters for you were attentive to our needs and proved your affection by sending to Karpatorussian children many useful and pretty things. We kiss you from all our hearts.

Andrychow, Poland.

Dear Friend:

You have made me such a surprise and bestowed so many things upon me, that not even my mother could ever buy me so many things at one time. I thank you a hundredfold times.

Herent, Belgium.

Dear Little Friends:

What joy when we have learned of your shipment! Many thanks for the gift. You made a good selection when you sent toys. With grateful hearts, we shout: Hip, hip, hooray for America!

The Little Boys of Herent.

A PRAYER

Not more of light, I ask, O God,
But eyes to see what is;
Not sweeter songs, but power to hear
The present melodies.

Not greater strength, but how to use
The power that I possess;
Not more of love, but skill to turn
A frown into caress.

Not more of joy, but power to feel
Its kindling presence near;
To give to others all I have
Of courage and of cheer.

Give me all fears to dominate
All holy joys to know;
To be the friend I wish to be,
To speak the truth I know.

—Florence Holbrook.



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From a painting by Jessie Willcox Smith

Tiny Tim Comes Back



LOVING and forbearing thoughts are never out of season," said the creator of that tender, wistful little character of English literature known as Tiny Tim.

In the glow of Christmas joy it is easy enough to give both sympathy and money to unhappy ones. Too often holiday interest and enthusiasm wither like the holly and are usually brushed into the dust heap along with the dried-up Christmas greens.

It was to bring Christmas daily into the lives of cheerless little girls and boys who have physical handicaps to overcome that a "Tiny Tim Fund," as it was called, was raised through the cooperation of school children of Los Angeles, California. This fund was devoted to special needs of crippled children.

Dickens' charming Christmas story, with its strong appeal of Tiny Tim, provided, of course, the name for the fund.

If the little figure in fiction can make so great an appeal, how much more eloquent are the Tiny Tims of real flesh and blood who are at our door, bravely facing problems of poverty and health! A little unselfishness on the part of children,

a few pennies saved from extravagances may mean a future of health and prosperity to real Tiny Tims.

Tiny Tim hoped the people saw him in church because "it might be pleasant to them to remember, upon Christmas Day, who made lame beggars walk and blind men see." Let's try to remember this every day.

Sowing Happiness Where It Will Grow



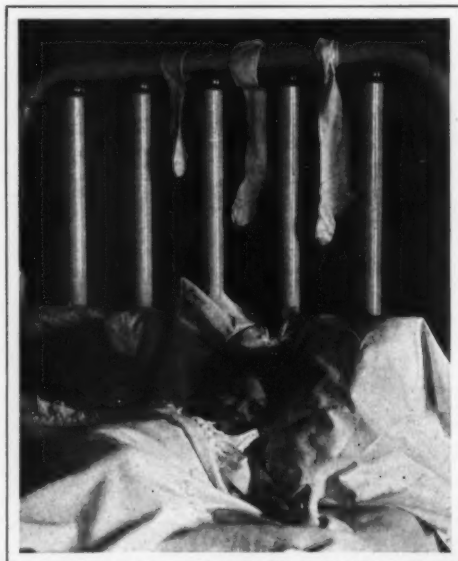
THREE official-looking little cars with a red cross emblazoned on their sides went scurrying about the streets of Lima, Ohio, on a Christmas Day carrying gifts and

messages of cheer from 6,000 Juniors to little shut-ins and to others for whom the great holiday might hold scant happiness. Red Cross nurses drove the cars and the Juniors, themselves, distributed the gifts.

Portland, Oregon, Juniors were busy for a month before Christmas earning and saving for the fund which was to make others happy. They provided the delicacies that went to fill 500 baskets for poor families and also furnished 1,500 garments for needy school children.

Playing Santa Claus to the children in two hospitals in Allentown, Pennsylvania, was

the Christmas service of the Juniors of that city. They raised a fund of \$200 and then participated in the actual buying of the gifts. Junior committees were appointed to assist the teachers in distributing the presents.



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"Playing 'Possum"

In the Philippines a group of Juniors gave a Christmas dinner to several hundred Igorots who had never before heard of Christmas. After the dinner, the little guests were given candy, the first that many of them had eaten.

One of the Christmas activities of the Juniors of Atlanta, Georgia, was the purchasing of warm blankets which were distributed among the poor.

St. Louis Juniors, accompanied by a great violinist, visited a number of hospitals on Christmas morning and went through the wards singing carols, much to the delight of the patients.

Christmas in a Mountain School

By Anna F. Van Meter

MISS 'VAN'," called my little guide just before we started on our sixteen-mile journey to Hindman, where the Junior Red Cross Christmas tree was to be, "hit will be nigh on to mornin' befo' you git to Hindman on that nag. And say, you better be pretty careful—they been a-loggin' up the creek and the mudholes is pretty deep."

We were pretty careful, but never in all the years I have been traveling have I had such a ride as that one. The ground was half frozen; many of the mudholes were more than knee deep; and the weather was stingingly cold. Night overtook us and my "nag" was almost done for by the time we reached the foot of the mountain. We were all very cold, so we dismounted and walked, which warmed us and rested the horses. Our caravan started off in the moonlight up the road that wound around the mountainside to the gap. Cold and hungry as we were, we could not help stopping now and then to look back. Way down the valley the mist was lifting, and below us the dark forests and wide fields shone like silver in the clear light of the moon. We finally reached Hindman about 10 o'clock that night.

The next few days were very busy, but after two ten-mile rides to Watts' Schoolhouse, where the tree was to be, all arrangements were completed and the afternoon of Christmas Eve was selected for the entertainment.

Because of the weather conditions and the condition of the roads at this time of the year, mail is very uncertain. By December 21 the only package that had arrived was a box of lovely dressed dolls. Upon inquiring at the post office I was told by the postmaster that the man who was hauling the mail was doing the very best he could under the circumstances. The postmaster also told me there were between eight and nine thousand pounds of parcel post waiting to be hauled in and the driver had promised to have every pound in Hindman by Christmas Eve.

This delay in getting the mail meant the changing of all our plans, but one soon becomes accustomed to the necessity of sudden changing of plans when working in remote districts. It does not take long for a message to travel to every home in a commu-

nity, so word was sent to the school teacher that the Christmas tree was postponed until December 29.

The young boys and girls, under the direction of the teacher, cut the evergreens, put up the tree, and decorated the schoolhouse. By December 28 the gifts from the Juniors of Indiana and Kentucky had arrived, and in the afternoon a wagon came down from Watts' Schoolhouse for the boxes containing the presents.

Early in the morning of December 29—and a very cold morning it was, too—I was on my way to the schoolhouse. As I neared the community, I passed girls and boys on their way to see the Christmas tree. Some were walking, others riding, double and single. Whole families were on their way, the children being carried through the mud by their fathers and mothers. Many of them had been traveling since before sunrise over the rough mountain roads where the wind cut like a knife. By 12 o'clock the little schoolhouse was crowded and many were standing out in the cold, about the door and in the yard.

Oh, how I wish it were possible that every person who even in the smallest way helped to make this Christmas tree a possibility, could have been there to see the pleasure it gave the older people as well as the children! To their unaccustomed eyes the tree was like a shining dream, with its colored balls and tinsel sparkling against the dark background of evergreen and fir. And the gifts! Dolls and books, candy and nuts, scrapbooks, all sorts of garments, and toys of all descriptions hung from the glittering branches of the tree. The memory of this bit of Junior love and service was kept warm and glowing in many a grateful heart.



"Hit will be nigh on to mornin' befo' you git to Hindman on that nag"

HINTS FOR THE DAY'S WORK



HERE is a fragrant breath of evergreens and a sprig of holly on every page of this number of JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS—the inspiration of Christmas. For convenience the material is classified for schoolroom use.

For Class Discussion

"Tiny Tim Comes Back," page 60, "Cheer-Laden Boxes Bring Greetings," page 59, "Sowing Happiness Where It Will Grow," page 60, will all prove fruitful of ideas when discussed in class. The article, "Making Dreams Come True," page 53, is especially inspirational for class discussion. It might be well to ask the children to name various dreamers whose dreams have helped the world, and to call their attention to the fact that the writer of this article, Roger W. Babson, former official of the Labor Department, is one of the world's leading economic statisticians.

Stories to Read

"The Traveling Christmas Tree," on page 51, "Going with Bethlehem," on page 52, "La Befana, Italy's Christmas Fairy," on page 55, "How Santa Came to a Dutch Boat," on pages 56 and 57, and "Christmas in a Mountain School," on page 61, are all seasonable stories with a trend of yuletide spirit, and will be found inter-

esting to read aloud, while "Yule-Tide in Many Lands," on page 63, presents a list of good Christmas books.

Geography and History

"The Traveling Christmas Tree," page 51, has both a historical and geographic interest, as its background is the war-torn province of the Somme. "La Befana, Italy's Christmas Fairy," page 55, brings very close the little towns of Italy, while "How Santa Came to a Dutch Boat," pages 56 and 57, is especially interesting because Santa Claus first appeared in Holland.

Memory Selections

Two poems are presented, "A Prayer," page 59, and "The Holiday," page 50, both of which are good for memory work; while the article, "The Boy on the Cover," which appears in the center of this page, is a charming little story, short enough for a recitation and bearing a message that is well worth remembering.

Ideals of Service

In the editorials on page 58, and "The Editor's Letter To You," page 64, is set forth "The Christmas spirit that lasts the year round."

The Boy on the Cover

By the Artist

One day in Jerusalem I saw a fine up-standing Arab boy with his camel just outside the Damascus gate. Through an interpreter I asked him to pose for me.

"Tell him the picture is for the American children. They want to know what the boys in his country are like and what they do."

Without a word the boy sat himself down, stick in hand, and so he remained until I had finished. I thanked him and offered him money. But he pushed it back into my hand. "No backsheesh," he said with a proud gleam. Then he spoke earnestly with the interpreter.

"What is it?" I asked, troubled. "Have I hurt his feelings?"

"He says that he is glad to do it for the American children. His father is chief in a village near the Syrian Orphanage and he has heard that the American children have sent help to the children of his people there."

"I will tell our children at home what you have done," I said, nodding to the boy, and for the first time he smiled.

"What is the name of his village?" I asked.

"It is the Village of the Impenitent Thief. For many centuries it has been a nest of bandits."

And yet because even in the worst of places kindness breeds kindness a boy from the brigand village found a way to send a Christmas message to the American Juniors.

PRONOUNCING DEPARTMENT

Andrychow	An-dree'-hoov
Annunziata	An-noon-tsiah'-tah
Befana	Bay-fah'-nah
Bianca	Byan'-ka
Collestrada	Kol-leh-strah-dah
Concetta	Kon-chet'-tah
Dordrecht	Dor'-dreht
Epehy	Ay-pay-ee'
Fins	Fangss
Handicourt	Ahng-dee-koor'
Herent	Ay-rahng'
Katje	Kaht'-yeh
Munkacevo	Moong'-kah-tshai-vo
Ronssoy	Rong-swah'
Sezze	Set'-seh
Somme	Sum
Sorel	Saw-rel'
St. Denis D'Oleron	Sang-dnee Daw-layrong'
Udine	Oo-dee'-nay
Valdoltira	Val-dawl'-tra
Walchern	Vahl'-hern

For the Bulletin Board

Pin on the Bulletin Board the beautiful Christmas cover by Anna Milo Upjohn, together with the story about it on this page. Also the group of children and toys on page 54.

American Big Days in December

- Dec. 1, 1866, typewriter invented by John Pratt
- Dec. 9, 1917, British captured Jerusalem
- Dec. 12, 1901, first wireless message across Atlantic
- Dec. 16, 1900, Panama Canal Treaty adopted
- Dec. 17, 1903, first aeroplane flight by Wilbur Wright
- Dec. 17, 1917, Prohibition amendment was submitted
- Dec. 18, 1865, slavery abolished in United States
- Dec. 22, 1620, Pilgrims landed at Plymouth
- Dec. 24, 1814, Treaty of Ghent ended War of 1812
- Dec. 28, 1856, Ex-president Woodrow Wilson born
- Dec. 28, 1890, Indian Wars ended in South Dakota

YULE-TIDE IN MANY LANDS

Legends and Stories to Tell Around the Christmas Tree



THE FIRST CHRISTMAS TREE. By Henry Van Dyke. (Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, N. Y. Illustrated by Howard Pyle. \$2.)

It was the year 722 A.D., and the day before Christmas when a young fir-tree standing straight and green with its top pointing towards the stars was proclaimed by good St. Boniface the first of all Christmas trees.

Each nation has its own Christmas customs. This book will tell you many of them.

YULE-TIDE IN MANY LANDS. By Mary P. Pringle. (Published by Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., Boston. \$1.50.)

A book that tells of the Yule-tide in England, Germany, Scandinavia, Russia, France, Italy, Spain, and America.

WHY THE CHIMES RANG. By Raymond M. Alden. (Published by The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, Ind. \$1.75. Another edition 75c.)

A story of a far-away country where few people ever traveled, and of Pedro, and the Little Brother and the wonderful church in whose tower there hung a chime of the most beautiful Christmas bells in all the world.

THE CHRISTMAS PORRINGER. By Evaleen Stein. (Published by The Page Co., Boston, Mass. \$1.25.)

The Christmas Porringer takes us into the old Flemish city of Bruges on a Christmas Eve when the icicles hung thick on the roof of a little yellow house and the wind was piling snow on the ledge of a casement window behind whose panes there sat an old lacemaker and a little girl. Robber Hans, passing by, peers into the window—and then the real story part of the book begins.

THE CHILDREN'S BOOK OF CHRISTMAS. By J. C. Dier. (Published by The Macmillan Company, N. Y. \$1.50.)

Did you know that the boys and girls in Holland call Christmas Eve "Strooiavond," or "Strewing evening;" that the Russian and Greek boys and girls celebrate their Christmas almost ten days later than Americans do; that the Serbian boys and girls say "Happy Badnyi Day to you" instead of "Merry Christmas," and in Mexico, instead of setting up a Christmas tree, they talk excitedly about breaking pinâtes—while in Spain they talk of navidades or "nativities." In Japan the children say "Arigato Gozaimasu" or "the honorable thanks" for their Christmas gifts.



"Christmas Eve," from a painting by Norman Rockwell

love and good-will from lands across the water.

GOOD STORIES FOR GREAT HOLIDAYS. By Frances Jenkins Olcott. (Published by Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston and N. Y. \$1.50.)

For Christmas day one finds in this book—"The Story of Little Piccola," a story of Sunny France; "Saint Christopher," an English legend; "The Christmas Cuckoo," a story of the North Country; "The Thunder Oak," a Scandinavian legend; "The Christmas Thorn of Glastonbury," a legend of ancient Britain; "The Three Kings of Cologne," a legend of the Middle Ages, and other good stories.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL. By Charles Dickens. Illustrated by Arthur Rackham. (Published by J. B. Lippincott, Philadelphia. \$1.75.)

A story of Christmas Eve in England, of old Scrooge, the miser, of the happy Cratchits and last but not least—of Tiny Tim, whose greeting, "God bless us, every one," makes the joy of Christmas day complete.

THE CHILDREN'S BOOK OF CHRISTMAS STORIES. Edited by Asa D. Dickinson and Ada M. Skinner. (Published by Doubleday, Page & Co. Garden City, N. Y. \$1.50.)

There is "Christmas at Fezziwig's Warehouse," a tale of England; the story of "The Fir-Tree" by Hans Christian Andersen, a peep into Denmark; "The Shepherd and the Angels," carrying you back to Bible days; "The Story of the Christ-Child," a German story of Christmas Eve; "Little Wolff's Wooden Shoes," a story from the North of Europe; the Russian legend of "Babouscha" and many another story full of the Christmas spirit of

The Editor's Letter to You!



DEAR JUNIORS:

There is a half-hearted little verse, too widely quoted, which reads:

"At Christmas play, and make good cheer,
For Christmas comes but once a year."

The sentiment of those two lines probably has made more people unhappy than happy. The phrase, "For Christmas comes but once a year," must have prompted much self-indulgence and extravagance, while the first line, "At Christmas play, and make good cheer," suggests at best a limited time in which to enjoy play thoroughly and to make others happy.

In reality the Junior Red Cross spirit is the Christmas spirit, which is a reflection of the greatest example of unselfish living that is before mankind; and this spirit is being translated into voluntary acts of helpfulness on every one of the 365 days in the solar year. There are as many varieties of these acts of unselfish service as the imaginations and sympathies of millions of you girls and boys and tens of thousands of teachers can devise. The active and continual interpretation of the Christmas spirit is your privilege.

You Juniors have discovered, or rediscovered, through actual practice, that there is unspeakable joy in giving, and that this is true not only at Christmas time, *but all the time*. And the surprising thing is that the more you give—that is, *give of yourselves*—the more you really have. You certainly gain a brighter, happier sense of life than that which is supposed to be found in stuffing yourselves with heaps of sweets and other things not wholly necessary to your well-being, or in holding and hoarding an over-supply of gifts that would make neglected little "shut-ins" cheer up and chirrup with glee. You are messengers of happiness!

Do you ever stop to think that in doing bits of practical service for those who welcome your help—such acts as abound in stories and articles in this JUNIOR

RED CROSS NEWS—you are echoing in a beautiful way the message borne "upon the midnight clear" to shepherds among the hills of Judea on the first Christmas? That message included "good tidings of great joy, *which shall be to all people*." And again: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." You really do not have to repeat the words: *the acts* of helpfulness echo the message in the way which is best understood by those who suffer.

Works speak louder than words always!

And when you think how the Junior Red Cross movement is spreading over the world, you realize that girls and boys of many lands, consciously and unconsciously, are echoing the song the shepherds heard more than nineteen hundred years ago.

It is necessary to show good will and peace in every-day life. These are qualities that have to be acted, lived. It is really the only way in which all mankind will find and feel good will and peace. And Juniors are beginning to *live* good will and to *live* peace, if they are putting their ideals into practice—if they are taking them home with them and are remembering them in both work and play. So little a thing as sharing an apple with a school-

mate who hasn't an apple is an echo of that first Christmas message. It is an unmistakable sign of good will, and will contribute to the sum total of the world's peace in the month of August as well as in December. This simple act is prompted by the very same spirit of unselfishness that goes with Christmas, isn't it? Thus you see how Christmas can be made to last from December to December—a whole year instead of but a day, or a week. The many helpful activities for children in foreign lands, which are made possible by your National Children's Fund continue in January, February, March, April, May, June, July, and on through the year.

A merry Christmas ALWAYS!

AUSTIN CUNNINGHAM.



The Guest Arrives*

*Diligent but unsuccessful inquiry was made through the British Embassy, Congressional Library, and other agencies, to learn the name of the English publication which originally reproduced this charming painting. Credit for it will gladly be given in a subsequent issue of the News if its proper source can be learned.

